



NO. 31  
AUG.  
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6p

# The FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

*all new*

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production

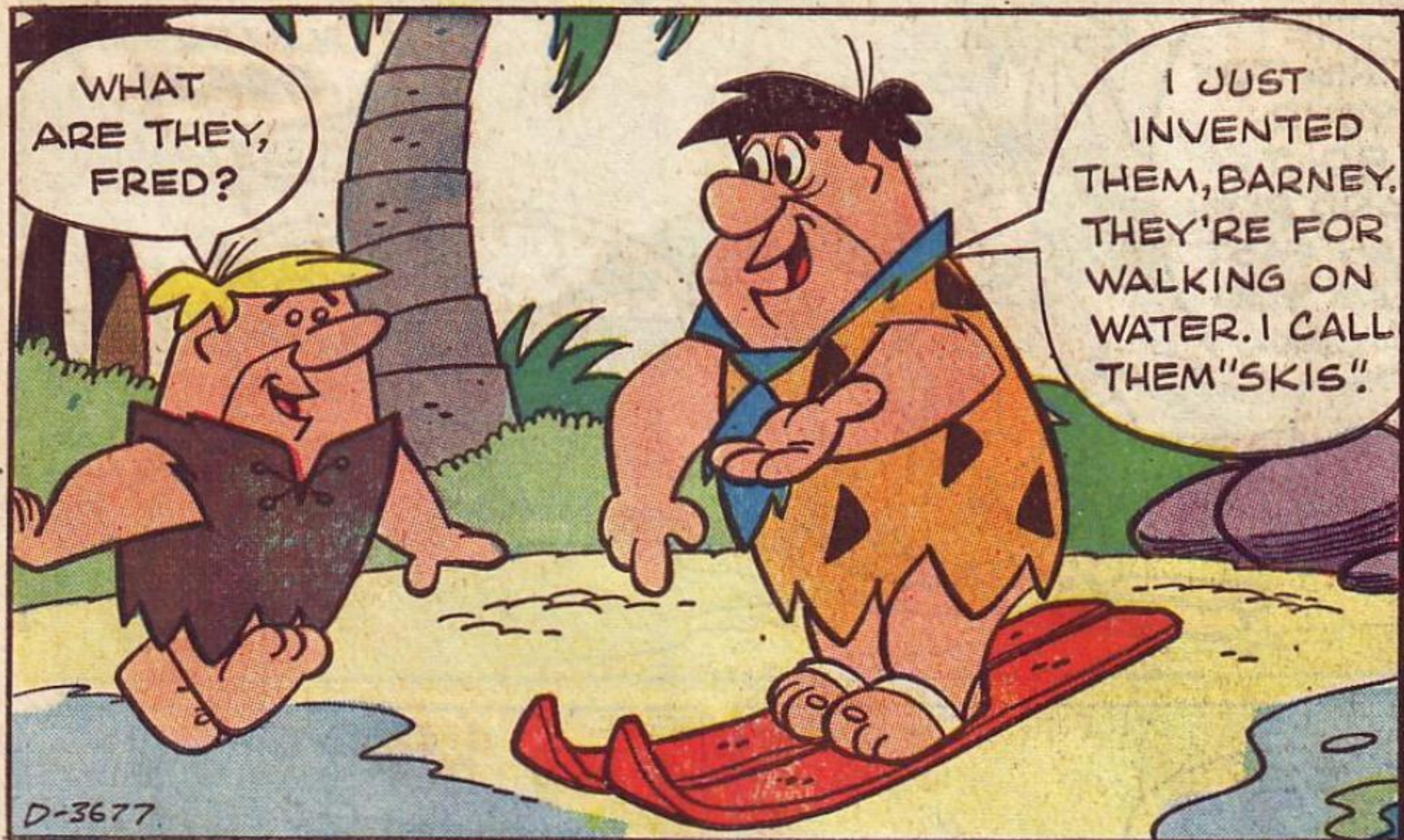


RAY  
DIRGO



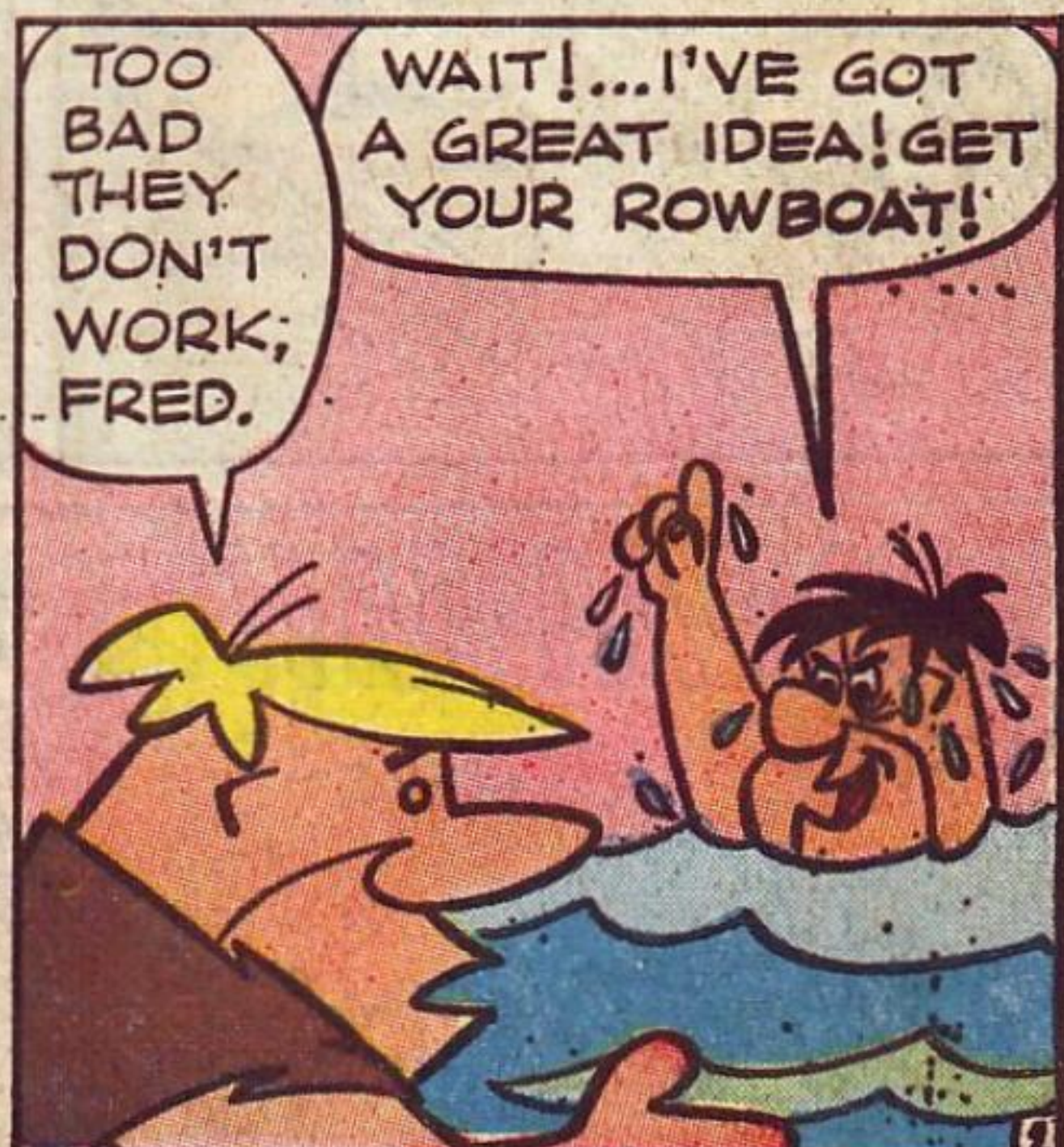
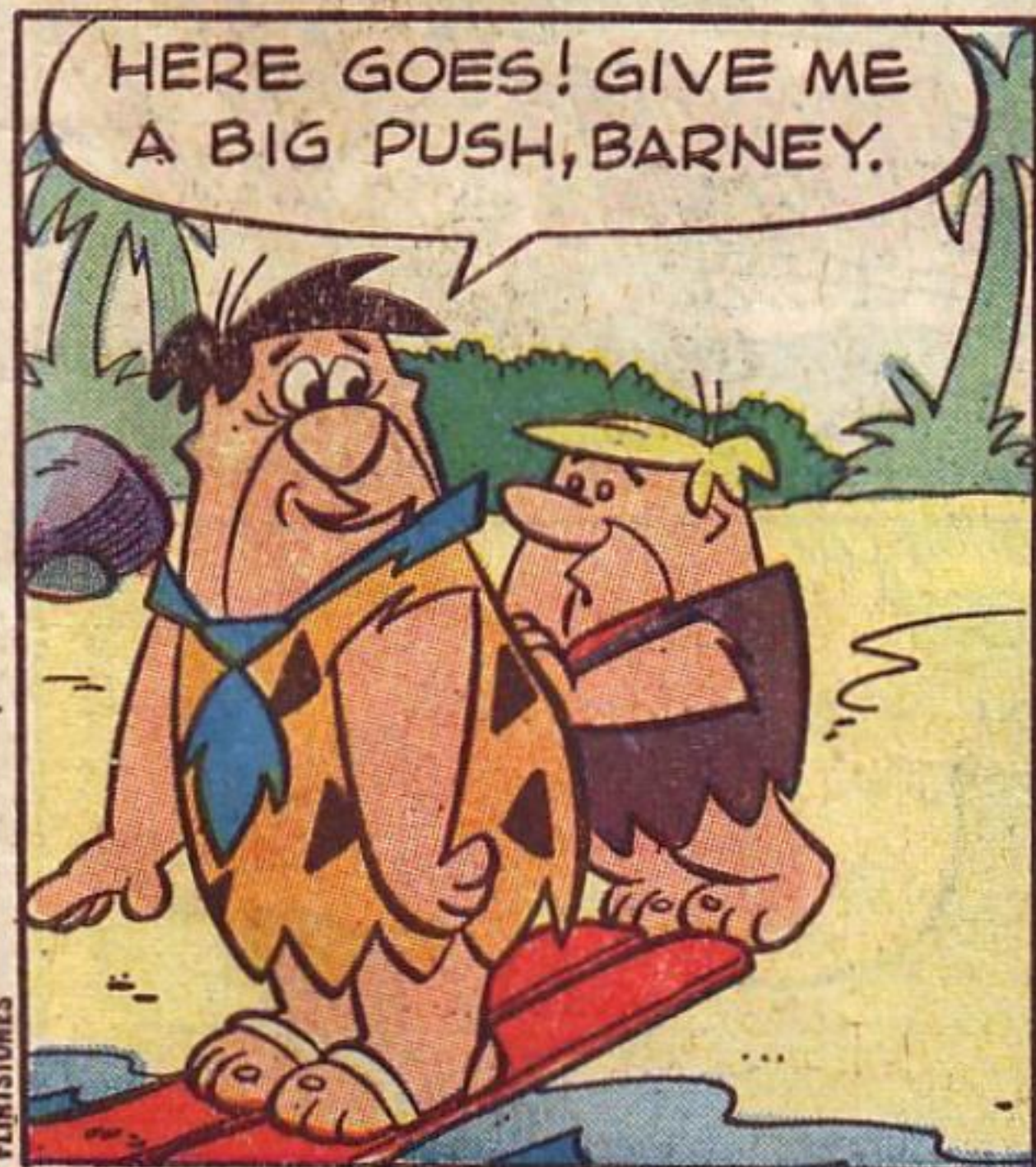
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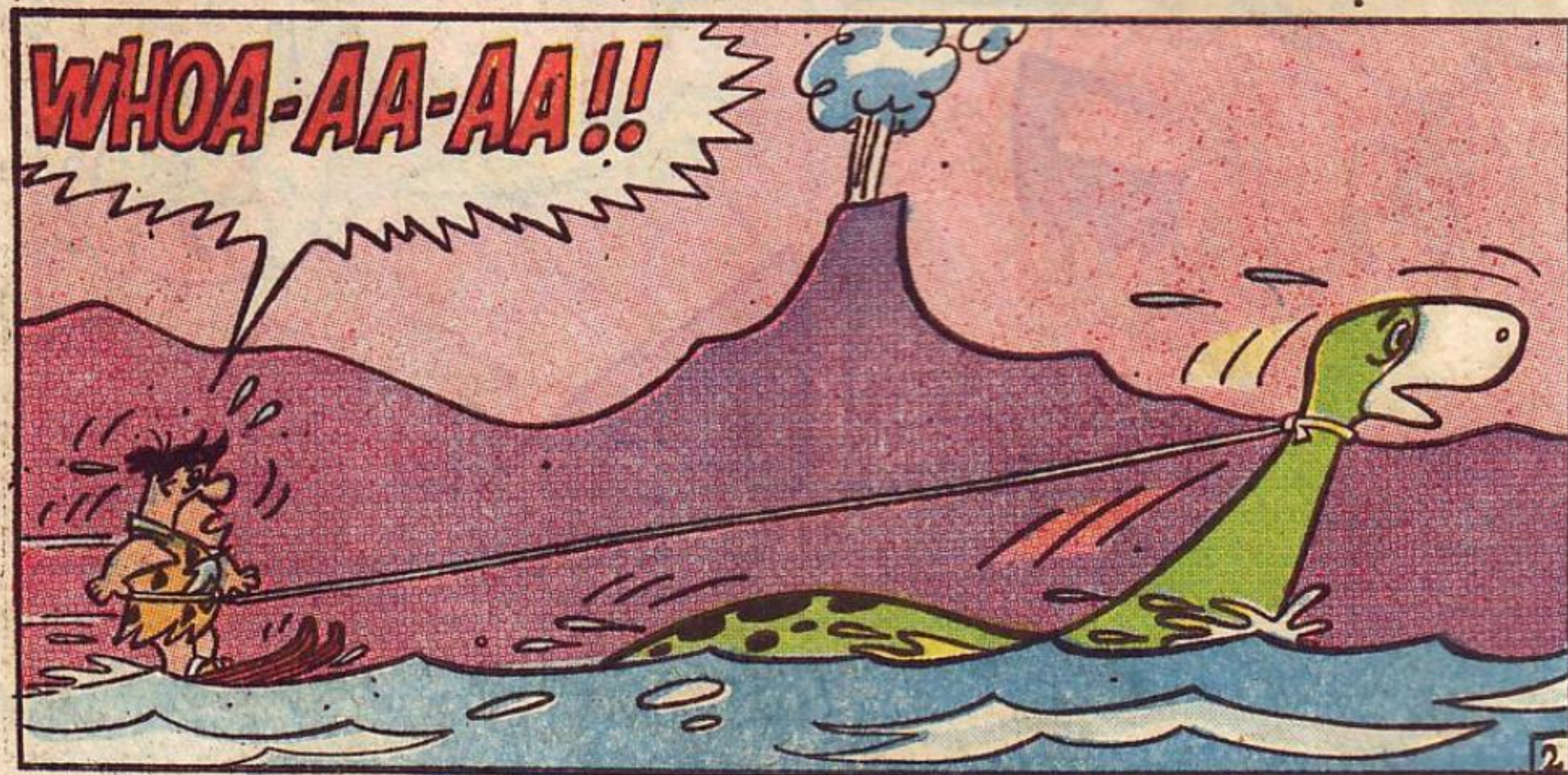
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# THE FLINTSTONES "AWAY WE GO"

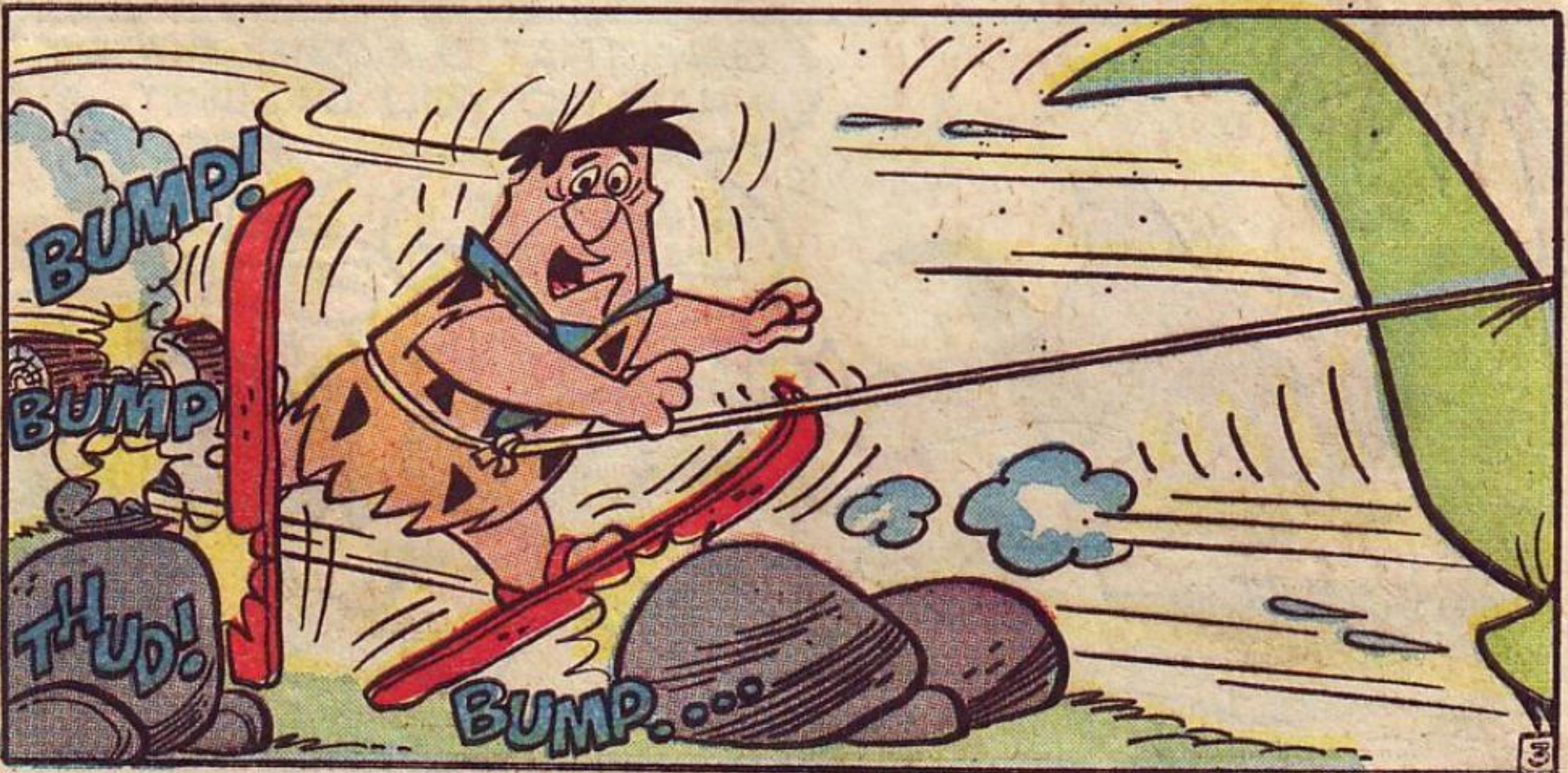
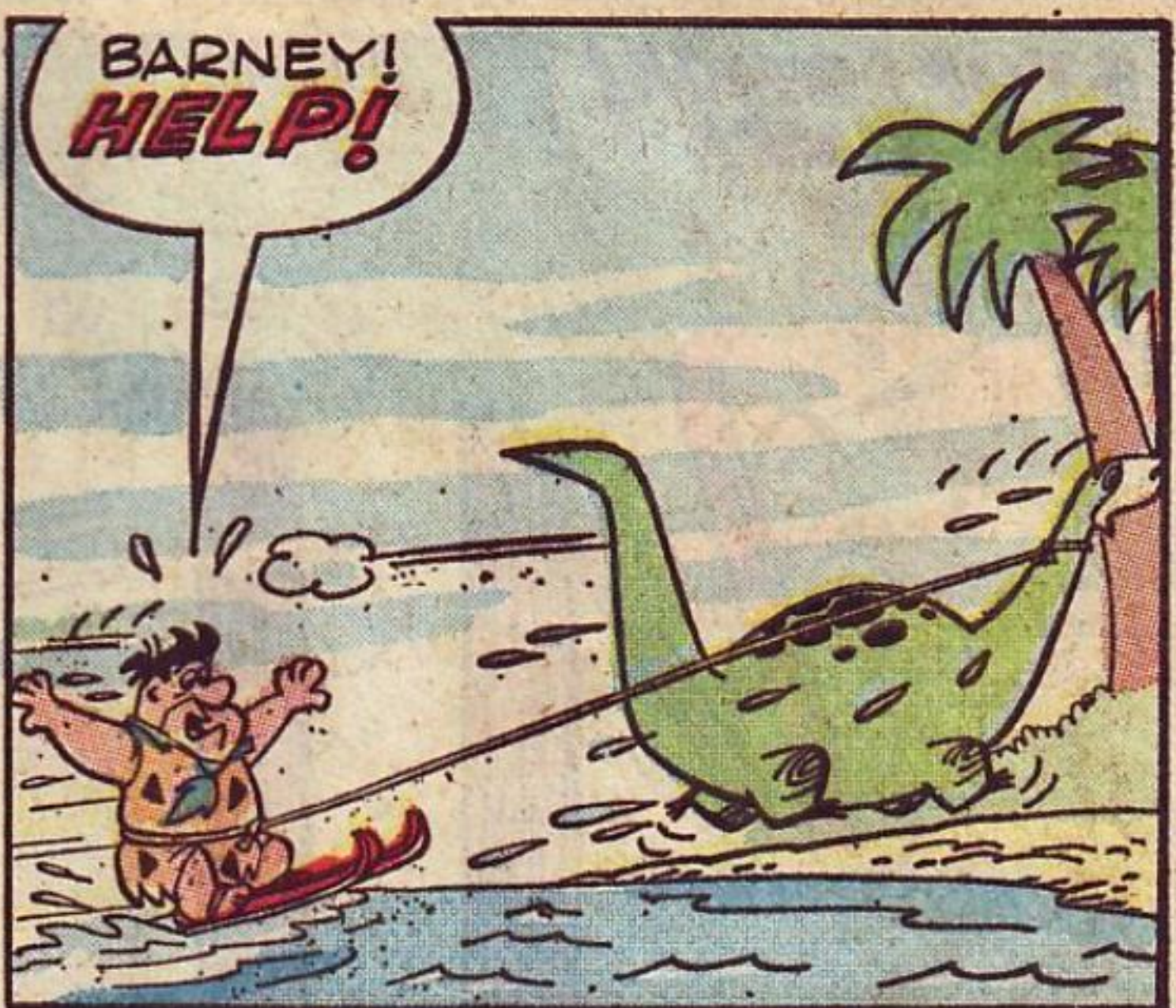
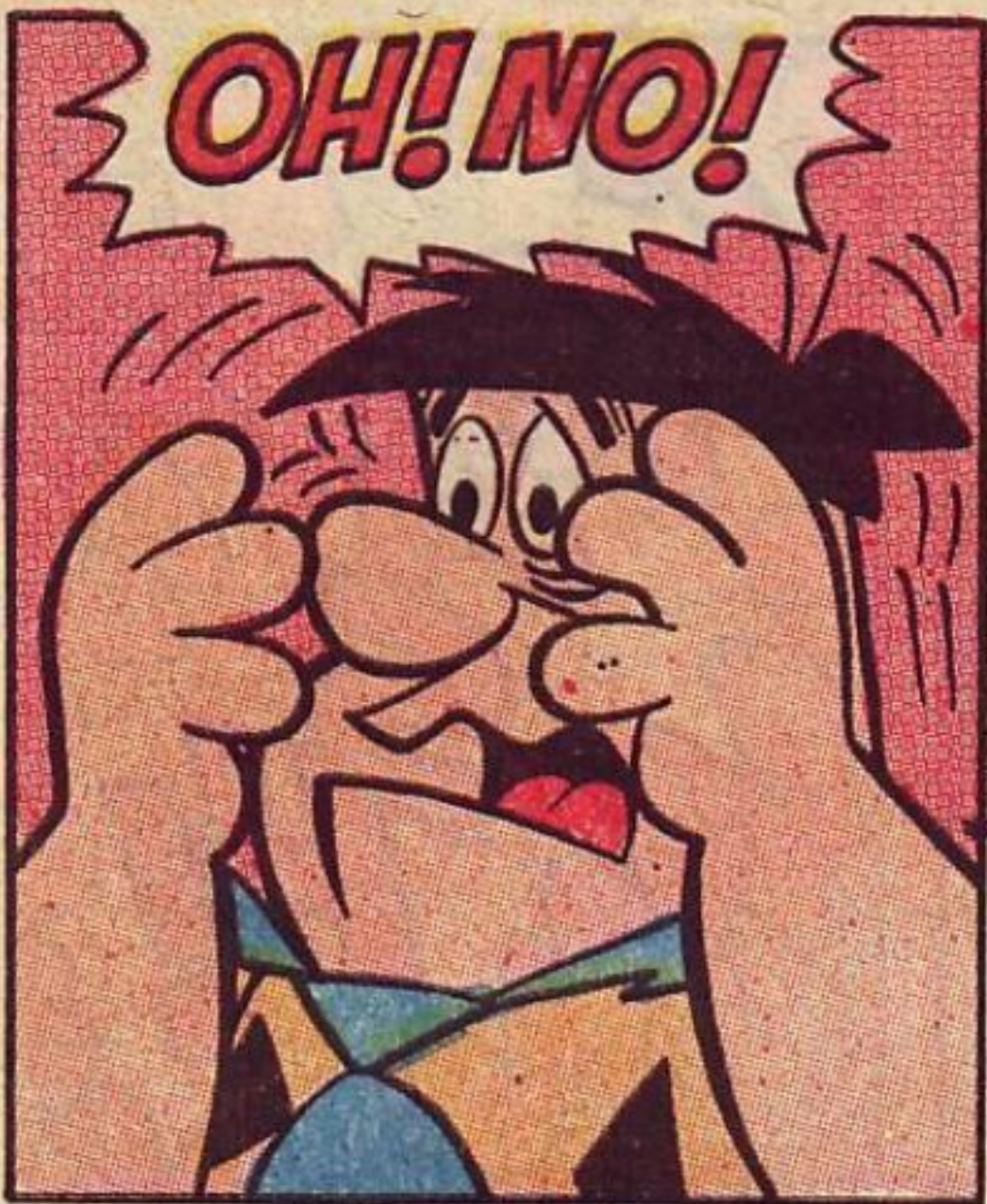


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OH-OH-  
OH-OH

THAT'S  
A DANDY  
IMITATION  
OF A BIRD,  
FRED.

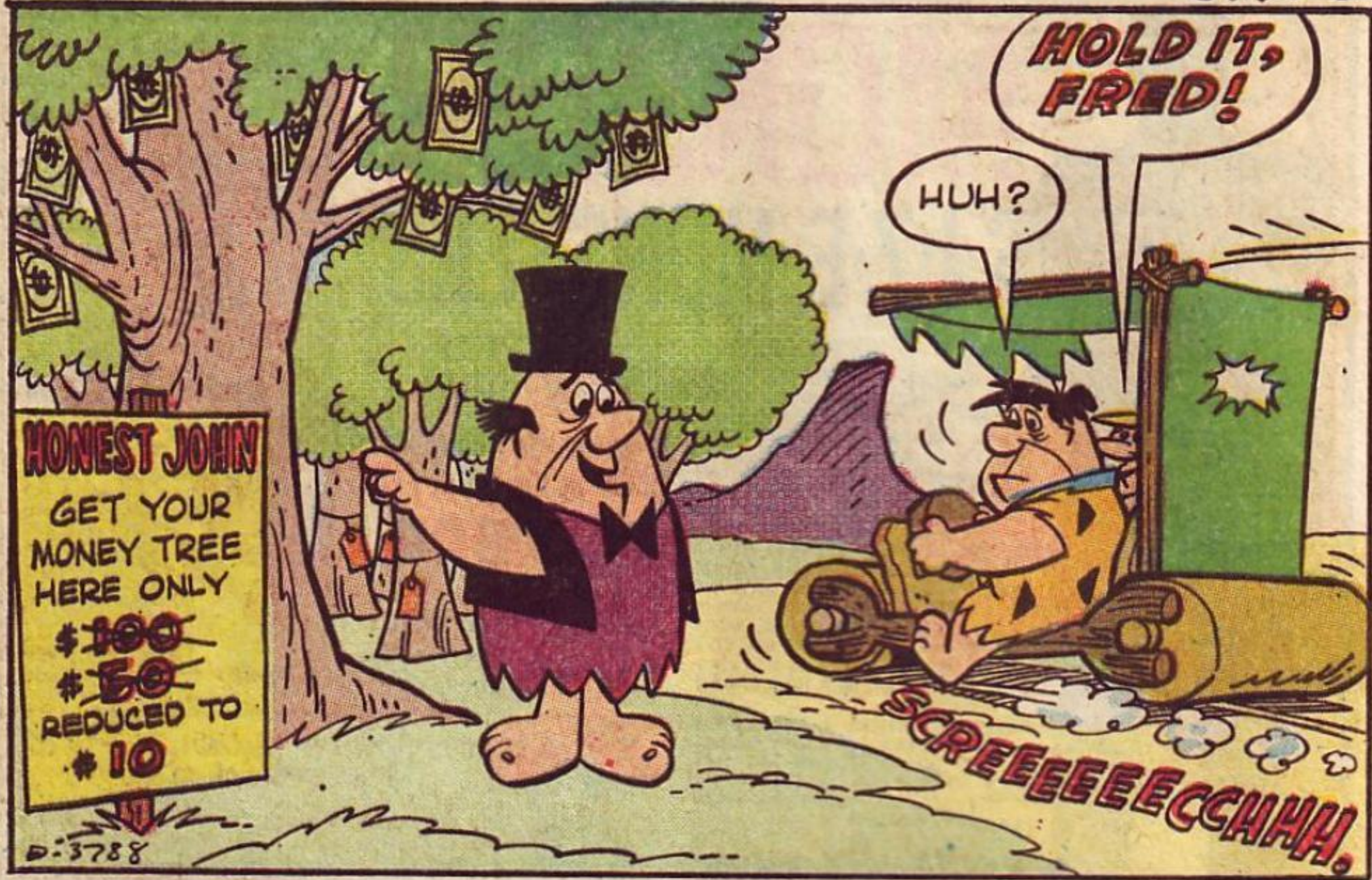
STOP! WHOA!  
BACK UP!

**CRASH!**

SAY, THAT'S SOME SPORT.  
WHAT DO YOU CALL IT,  
FRED?

I CALL IT  
**ENOUGH!**





# "THE MONEY TREE"

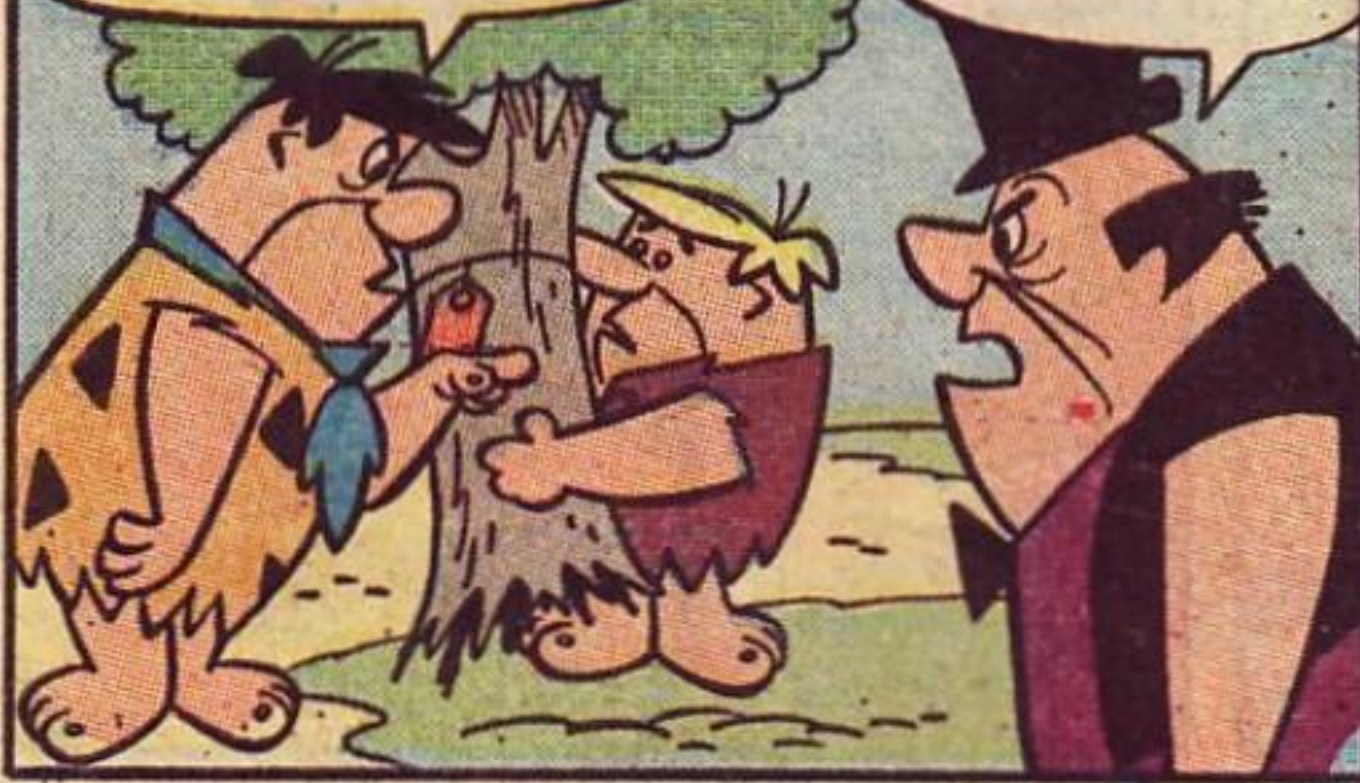
**THE FLINTSTONES**





DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE THIS CON ARTIST, BARNEY! MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES, ANY FOOL KNOWS THAT!

NO MATTER WHERE I GO, SOME FOOL TRIES TO WRECK MY BUSINESS!

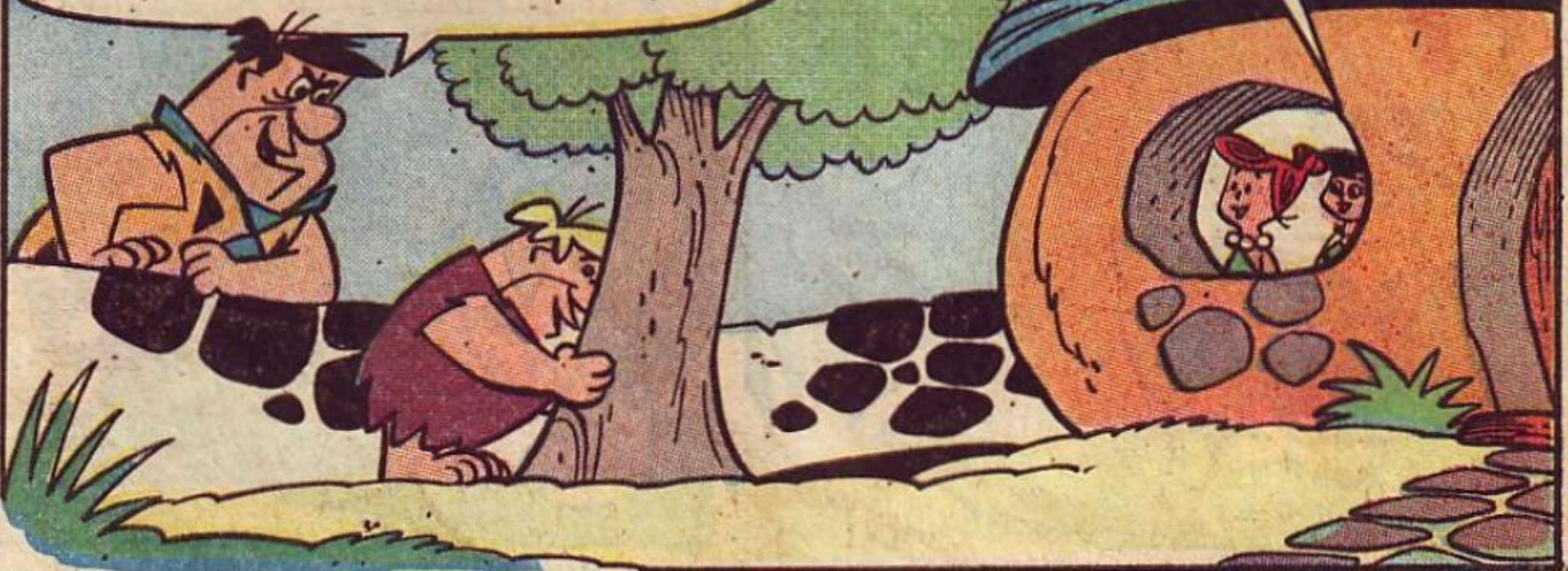


THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE, BARNEY...YOU'RE THE PROOF!

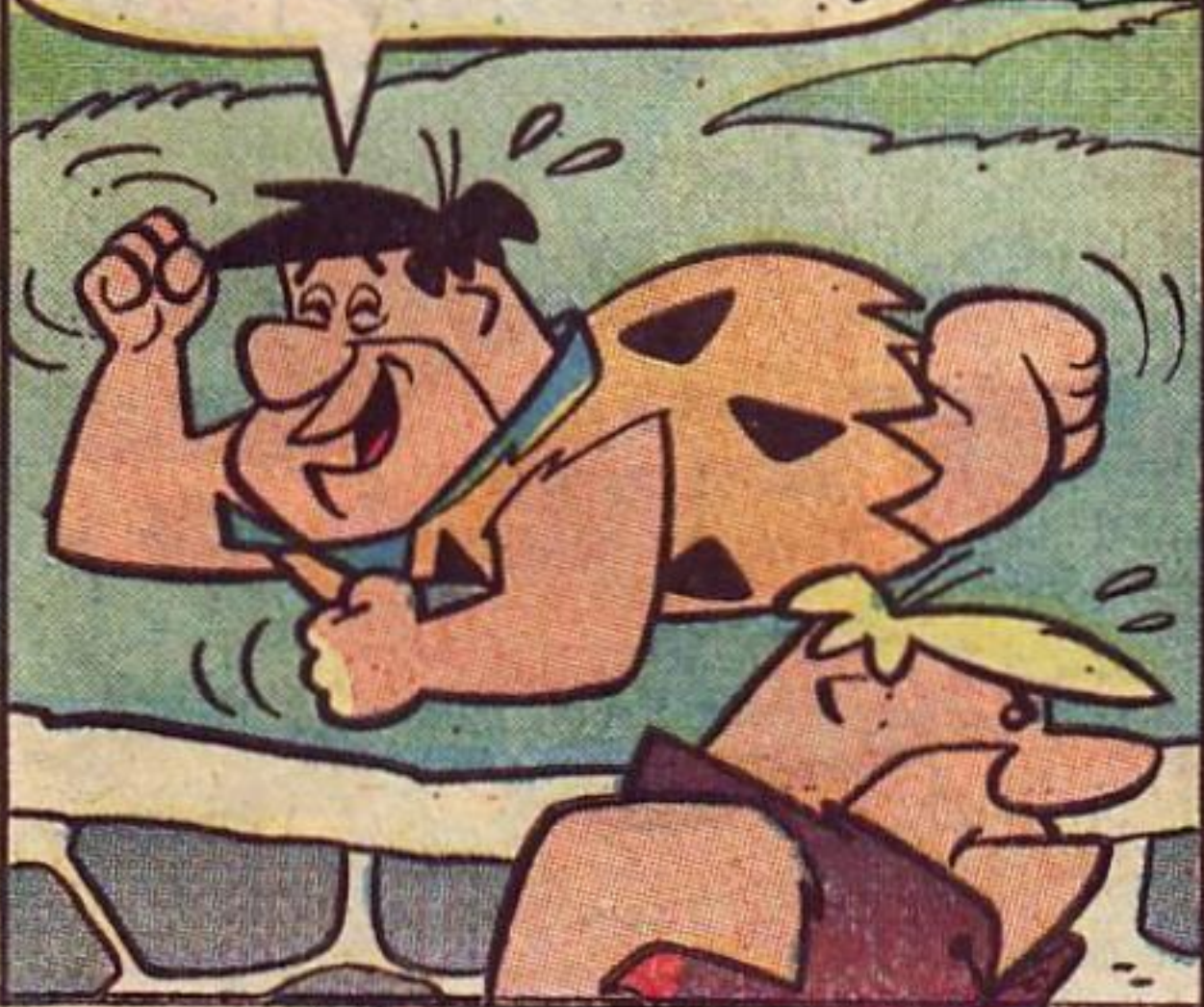


I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'LL JUST SIT UNDER THAT STUPID TREE AND LET MONEY FALL INTO YOUR LAP! **HEE HEE HEE HEE!**

I WISH FRED WOULD STOP PICKING ON POOR BARNEY, WILMA!



HO HO HO HO! HEEE HEE HEE HEE! **HAWHAWHAWHAW!**



FRED ALWAYS OVERDOES EVERYTHING!



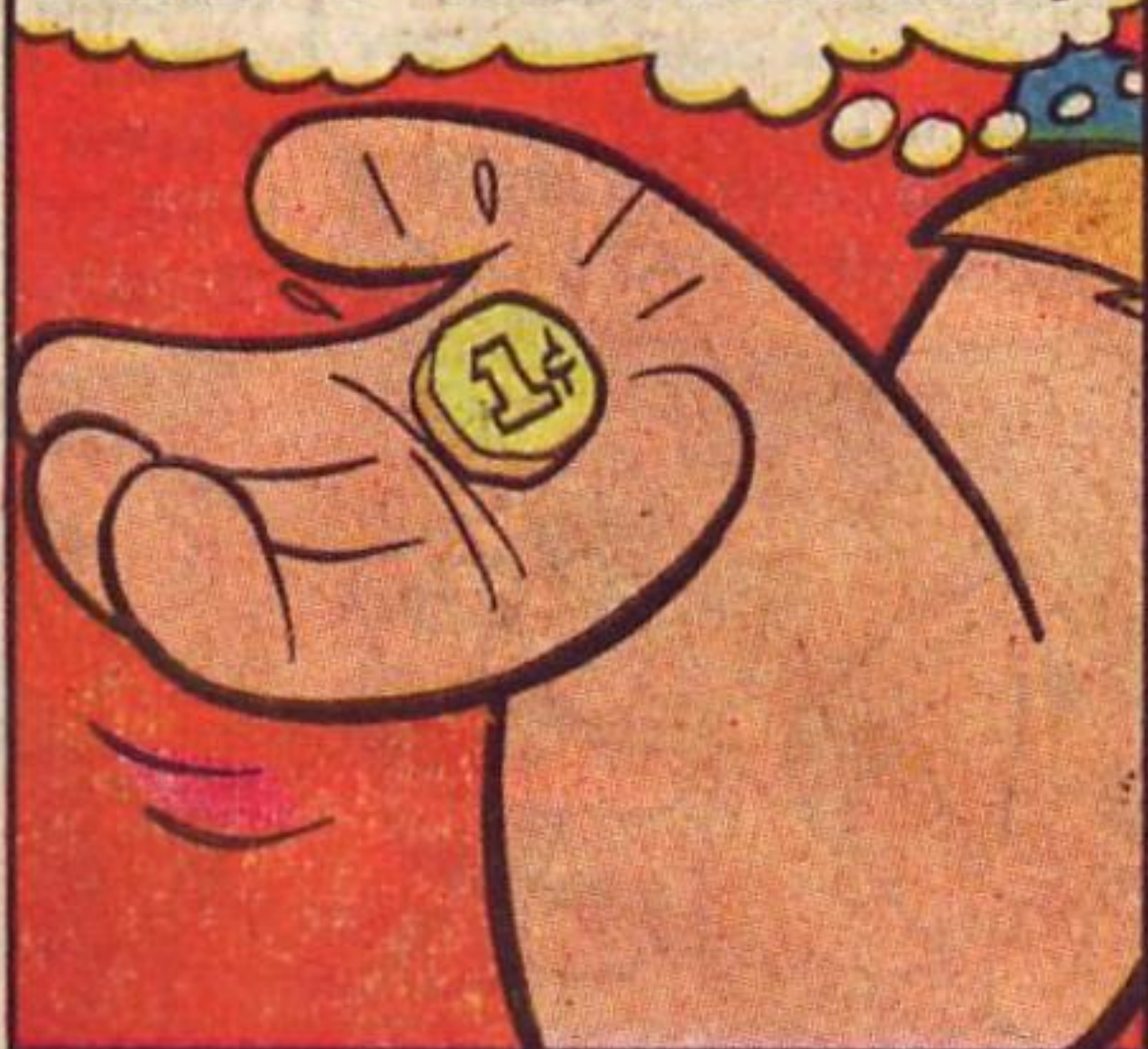


**TIME PASSED...**

KEEP AT IT,  
BARNEY BOY!



**I'LL** FLIP THIS PENNY UNDER  
BARNEY'S TREE! **HEEHEEHEE!**



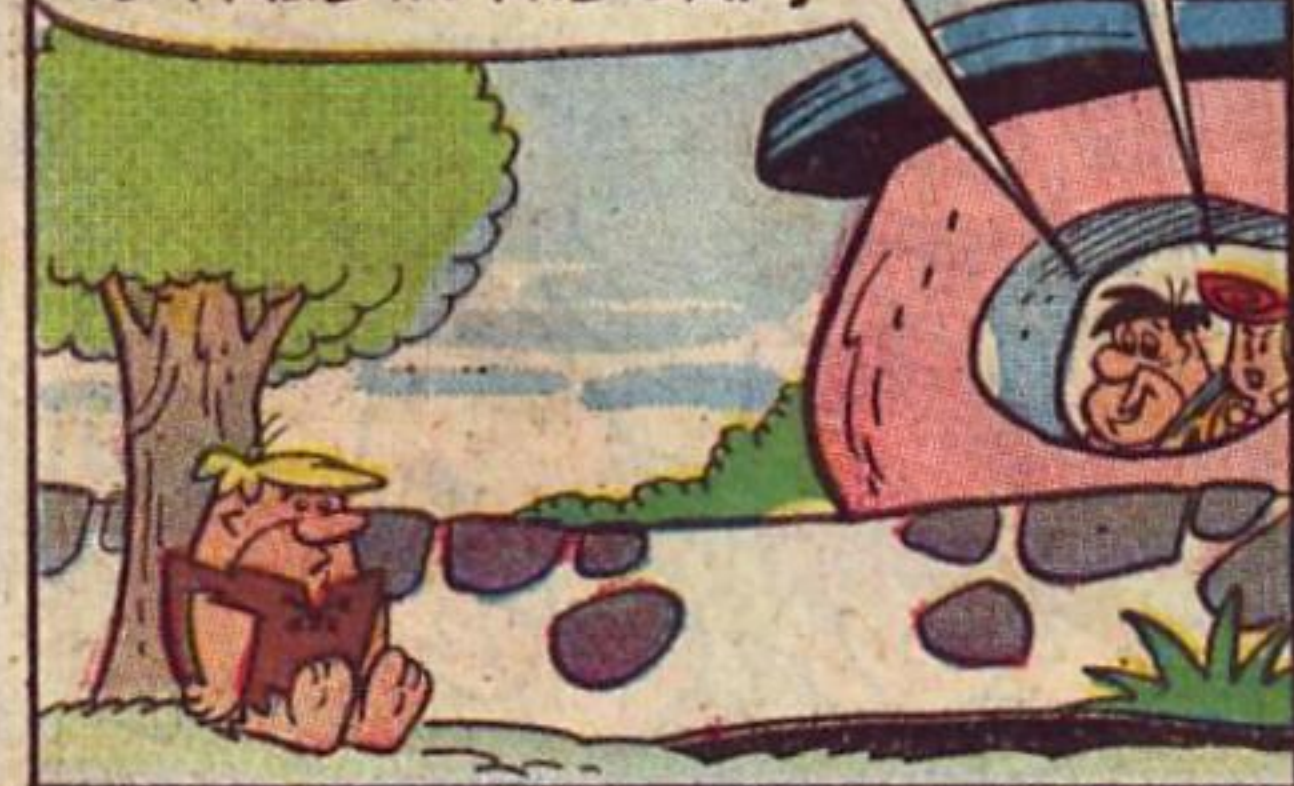
HEE HEE  
HEE HEE



**...AND  
PASSED**

FRED, STOP TEASING  
POOR BARNEY!

LOOK AT HIM! HE SITS  
THERE LIKE A DUMMY  
WAITING FOR **MONEY**  
TO FALL IN HIS LAP!



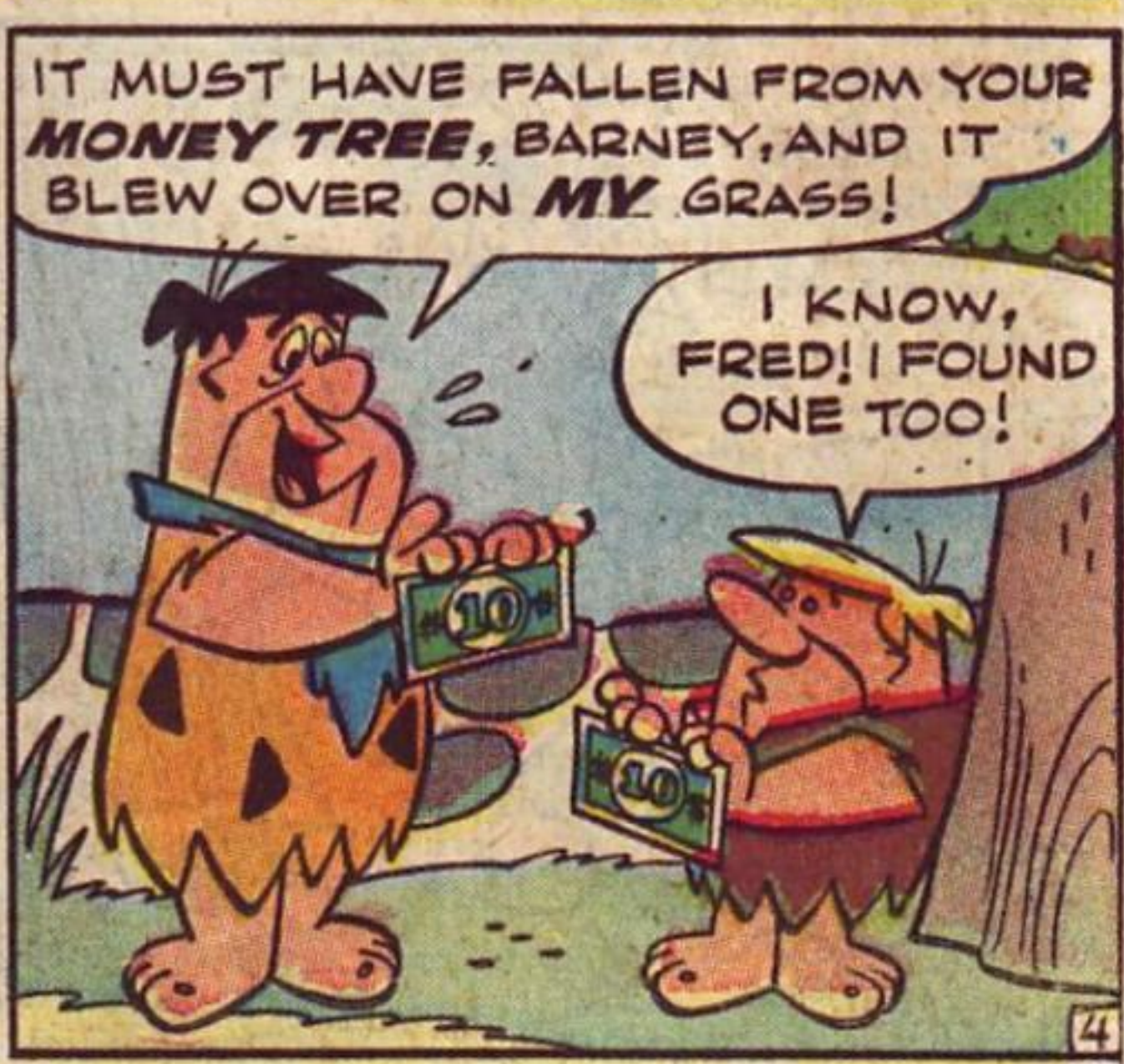
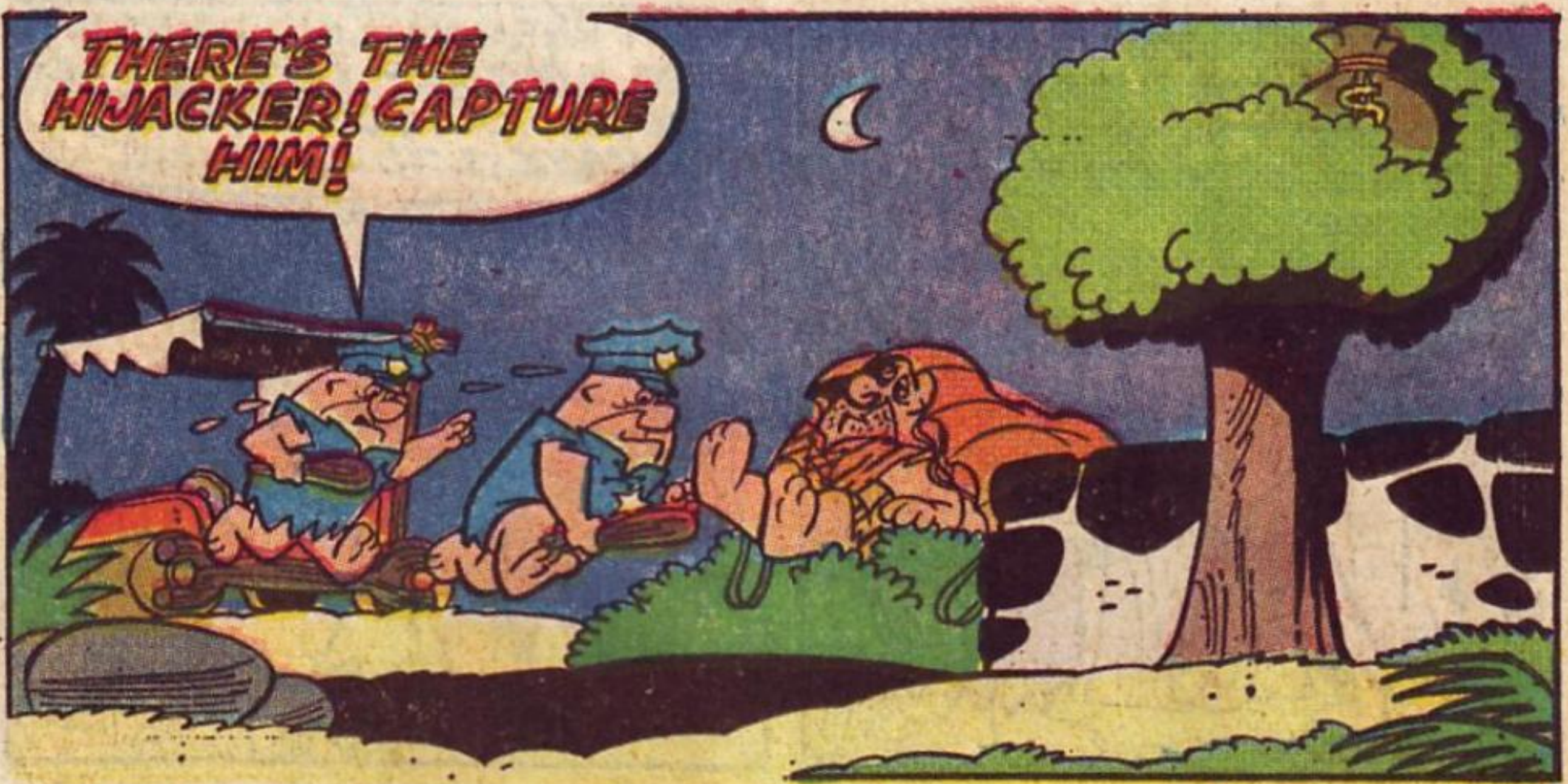
**THEN ONE  
NIGHT**

THE PLANE  
HIJACKER IS  
PARACHUTING  
DOWN WITH  
THE RANSOM!

LOOK! HE  
DROPPED  
THE RANSOM!







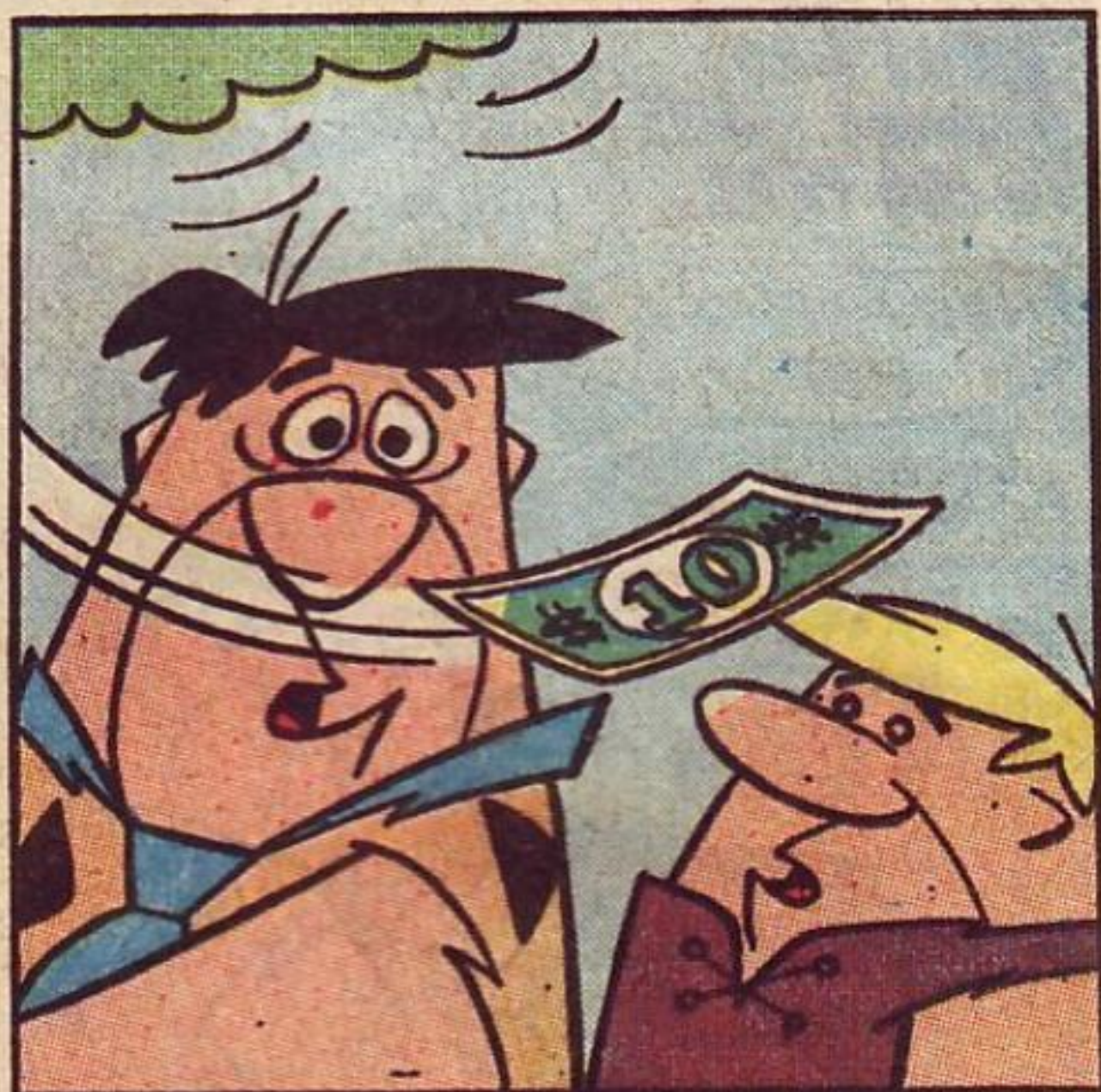


WHADDYA MEAN, **YOU**  
FOUND ONE TOO? HOW  
COULD YOU FIND A  
\$**10** BILL ON YOUR  
GRASS?

I DUNNO,  
FRED,--  
UNLESS  
IT CAME  
OUT A MY  
MONEY  
TREE!

DON'T KEEP CALLIN' THE STUPID  
TREE. A **MONEY** TREE! YOU ACT  
LIKE ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS  
**SHAKE** IT. TO GET RICH!

ADMIT IT, BARNEY! IT'S **NOT**  
A MONEY TREE! **IT'S A FAKE!**



BARNEY!  
IT'S **REAL**  
**MONEY!**  
YOU REALLY  
GOT A...

LIKE  
THE MAN  
SAID,  
FRED...  
IT'S A  
**MONEY**  
**TREE!**









# BOWERS, MOANERS AND GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little kids in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them tests on what they should have studied. Sometimes it is written and other times oral. One thing is certain: if teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been done.

The day's lesson was concerned with measurements. I made this statement: "There are twelve eggs exactly in a dozen." Then I told Peter who seemed to be day dreaming to go up to the board and write what I had said. As he got into the aisle, I heard little Ethel say the sentence over to him. This is what he wrote on the board:

"There are twelve eggs eggsactly in a dozen." Of course the students laughed. Then Jimmy raised his hand.

"My father told me that there are thirteen rolls in a baker's dozen. How come you get an extra roll and not an extra egg?"

I wasn't too sure of myself. I heard of this before. So I told the class:

"Rolls had to be sold by the weight also. To be sure the baker didn't break the law he gave you an extra roll."

Then Martha got a brilliant idea. "If in each roll there was one egg, then that really means if you have thirteen egg rolls, you have thirteen eggs. Isn't that so?"

"Did you ever see an egg roll?" said Janice. "I once went to an Easter Party. They colored the eggs. First they boiled them so that they really were hard boiled eggs. And we rolled them on the ground."

How did I get into all of this? What were my students going to do with eggs? I had a funny feeling down the back of my spine that they were taking the lesson away from me. Teddy raised his hand. He had a question to ask.

"I know that when a person is a good person, they sometimes say he is a good egg. How did they get that expression?"

I didn't know the answer to that one. So I quickly said to him, "Ever hear the saying that you shouldn't put all your eggs in one basket? In business that means you shouldn't take a chance with all your money in one enterprise."

Then Jimmy had his contribution to make to the subject of eggs.

"It happened last Thursday during recess period when we were in the yard. Frankie and Thomas were arguing over something. Looked like a fight. Bernie told Frankie to go ahead and fight with Thomas. Then Mrs. Simpson came over. She said to Bernie: 'Don't egg him on.'"

At least I knew the explanation of that one. So I told the class that in this usage, the word egg meant to incite or urge. And then that gave me an idea. I remembered something when I was a boy. A most unusual game.

"In June when we go to the Winston Picnic Grounds for our annual spring day, we can play a game with eggs. It is called 'Egg-and-Dart.' We have five boys and girls. Each stands at a starting line. Each has a spoon. They must run to the other line. On the other line are five eggs. Pick up an egg and put it on a spoon. Then run back to the starting line. If you drop an egg you are out of the race. First one to arrive with the egg intact on the spoon is the winner."

They liked that idea. But they weren't as yet finished with eggs. Martha had her contribution to make.

"Last year my mother took me to visit a friend of hers. Who lived in Egg Harbor City. How did it get that name?"

See what I mean? Kids can ask you questions and you haven't the answer ready for them. You don't know it yourself. So I quickly got out of that one.

"How many here have ever eaten eggs from an egg cup?" I asked them. That did the trick. About half of the class had egg cups at home. Then Elizabeth told the class she had gone to a Chinese restaurant. Had eggdrop soup and chow mein. I thought I was finished when Morris came up with his gem.

"We had eggplant for supper last week. If you plant an egg, do you get eggplant?"

Until next time and more about what kids do in a class.

\*\*\*\*\*



# THE GLADIATORS

**SPLAATT!**

FRED AND  
BARNEY ARE  
AT IT AGAIN!

SOMETIMES I  
THINK THEY  
**ENJOY** FIGHTING,  
WILMA!



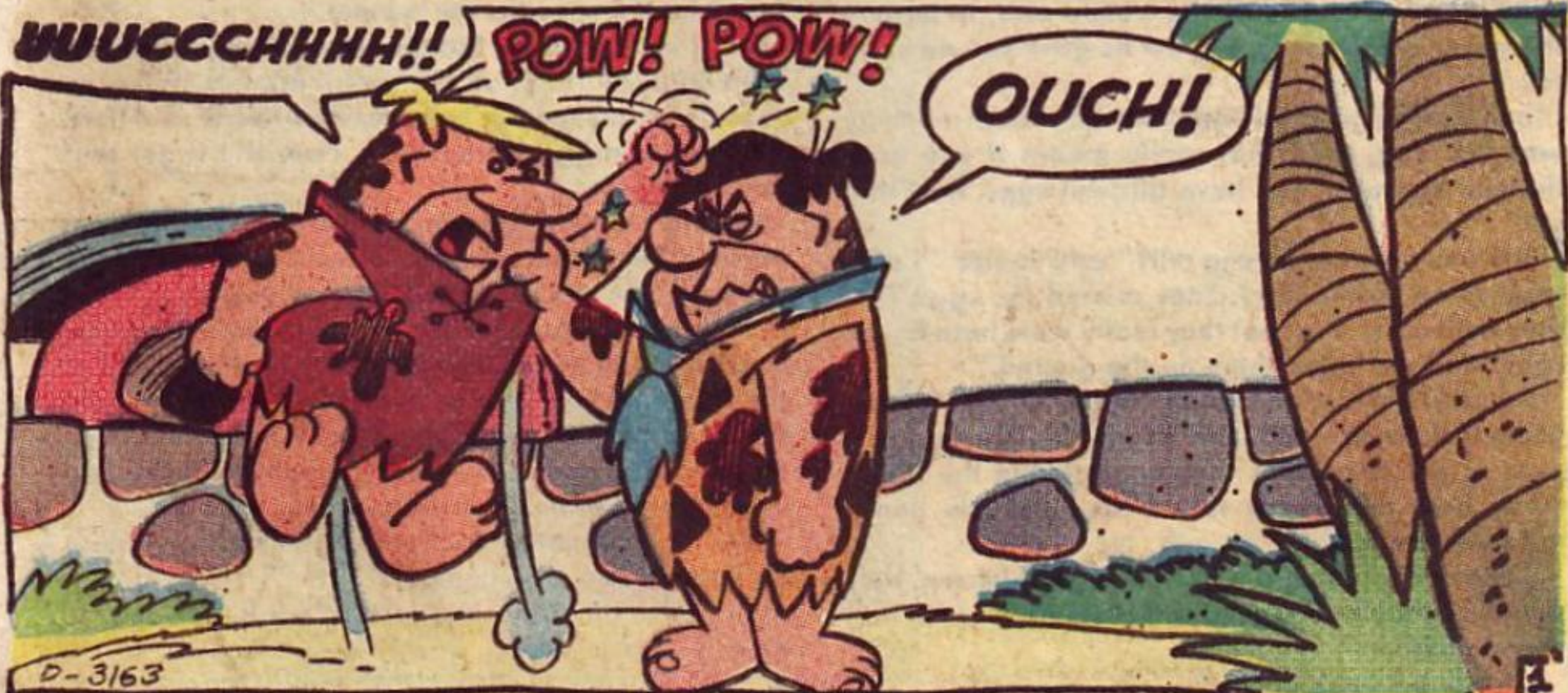
WHY CAN'T THEY FIGHT  
LIKE GENTLEMEN, BETTY?  
LIKE SIR GALAHAD AND SIR  
LANCELOT IN THE PLAY THE  
LADIES' SOCIETY IS DOING!

LET'S GO IN AND TRY ON  
OUR COSTUMES WHILE WE  
REHEARSE OUR PARTS, WILMA  
...LET THOSE FOOLS KILL  
EACH OTHER!



**WUCCCHHHH!! POW! POW!**

**OUCH!**





LO, MILADY... OUR GOODLY KNIGHTS BATTLE BRAVELY FOR OUR FAVOR.

HATH EVER TWO BRAVER GENTLEMEN BATTLED FOR HONOR FAIR?



NE'ER DID WARRIORS VIE. MORE NOBLY! LET US REWARD THEM FOR THEIR COURAGE!

FRED? THEY MEAN **US**, DON'T THEY?



COME, SWEET KNIGHT... LET ME EMBRACE THEE!

I SHALL BESTOW MY LOVE UPON MY NOBLE SQUIRE!



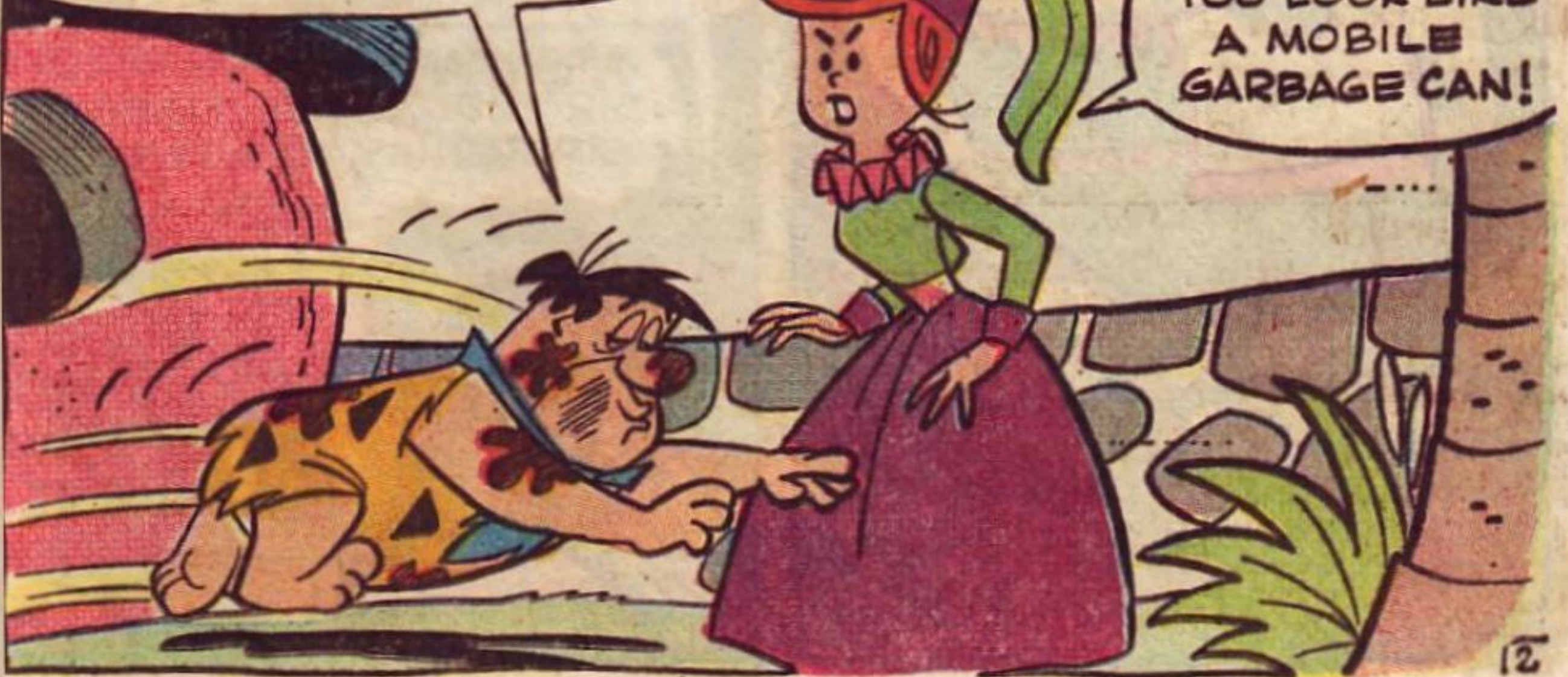
HERE I AM, SWEETIE-PIE!

PIE! MY GOODNESS, THE PIES ARE BURNING!



**YABBA-DABBA-DOO!**

**YUUCCHH!!**  
YOU LOOK LIKE A MOBILE GARBAGE CAN!





YOU'VE BEEN BUGGIN' ME, WILMA!

YOU'VE BEEN BUGGIN' ME, WILMA!

I'M SLEEPY, WILMA... I'M GOIN' TO BED!

I'M SLEEPY, WILMA... I'M GOIN' TO BED!

BARNEY GIVES ME A PAIN!

I COULD BEAT THAT SAWED-OFF RUNT IN ANY KIND OF A FIGHT!

BARNEY GIVES ME A PAIN!

I COULD BEAT THAT SAWED-OFF RUNT IN ANY KIND OF A FIGHT!

**ZZZZZZZZ**  
**SNOORRR. URRRKK.**

SIR  
FRED,  
THAT'S  
ME!

ZZZZZZZZZZ  
SNOORRR. URRRKK.

SIR  
FRED,  
THAT'S  
ME!

SIR BARNEY!  
I CHALLENGE  
THEE TO A  
DUEL!

A cartoon illustration of a young girl with dark hair and a blue bow, wearing a pink shirt and orange pants, sitting up in bed. She is holding an open book and looking surprised. To her right is a bedside table with a red lampshade and a green vase. A thought bubble above her head contains the text: "NOBLE KNIGHT OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, HEAR ME! MFFF! SNORT !! YON VARLET, SIR FRED, CHALLENGES ME, SIR BARNEY, TO A DUEL!". The background is a simple green wall. In the bottom right corner, there is a small black box with the number "3" inside.

A cartoon illustration of a young girl with dark hair and a blue bow, wearing a pink nightgown, sitting up in bed and reading a book. She has a surprised expression. To her right is a bedside table with a red lampshade and a dark green vase. A thought bubble originates from the lamp area, containing the text: "NOBLE KNIGHT OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, HEAR ME! MFFF! SNORT !! YON VARLET, SIR FRED, CHALLENGES ME, SIR BARNEY, TO A DUEL!". The background is dark, suggesting a night scene. The style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century comic book art.



WHO'S A VARLET,  
THOU MISERABLE  
RUNT?



WHO'S A RUNT,  
BIG-MOUTH!



MAKE READY,  
SIR BARNEY!

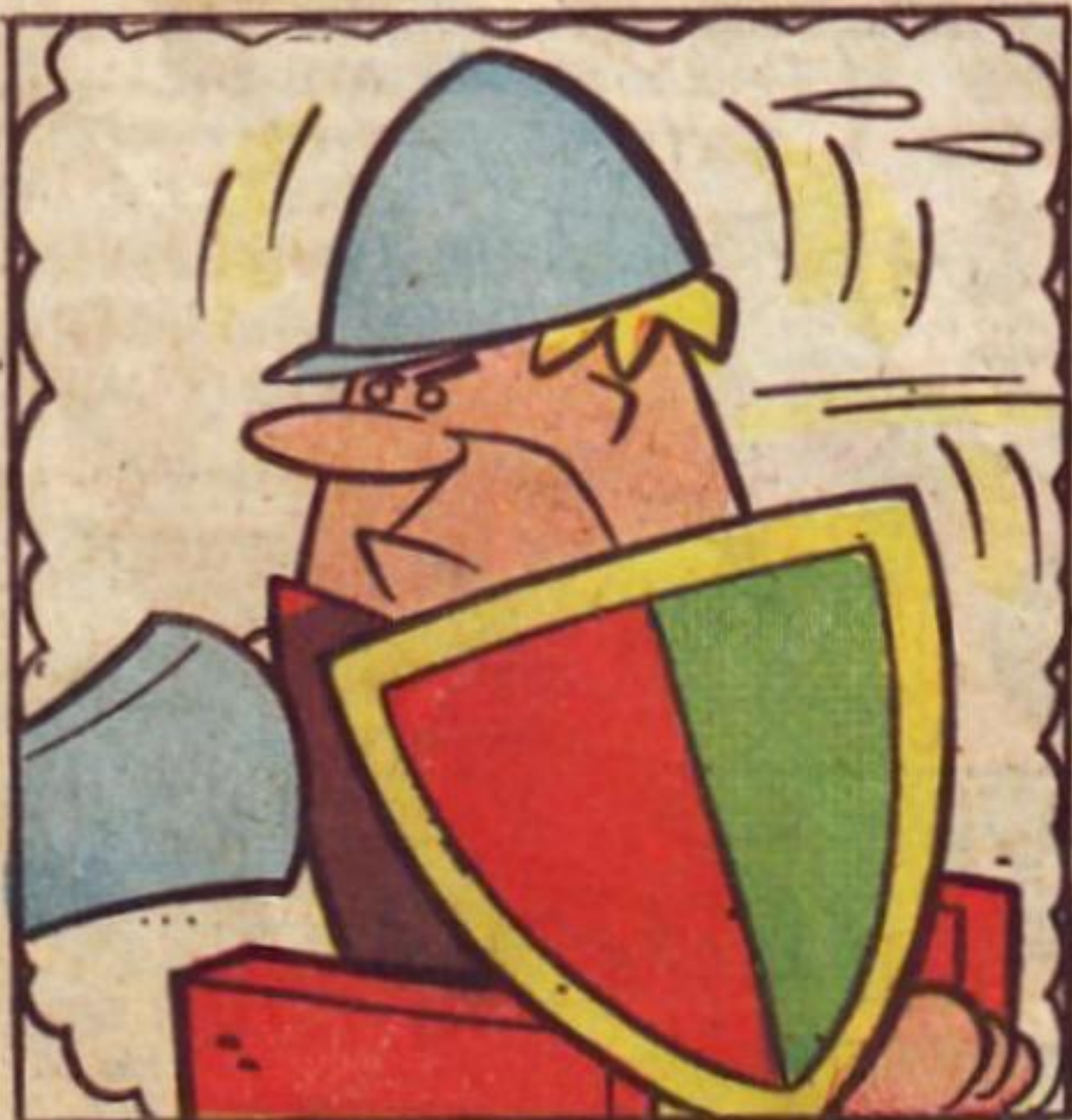
WHENEVER  
YOU SAY, SIR  
FRED!



**YABBA-DABBA-DOO!**



**RUMBLRUMBL**



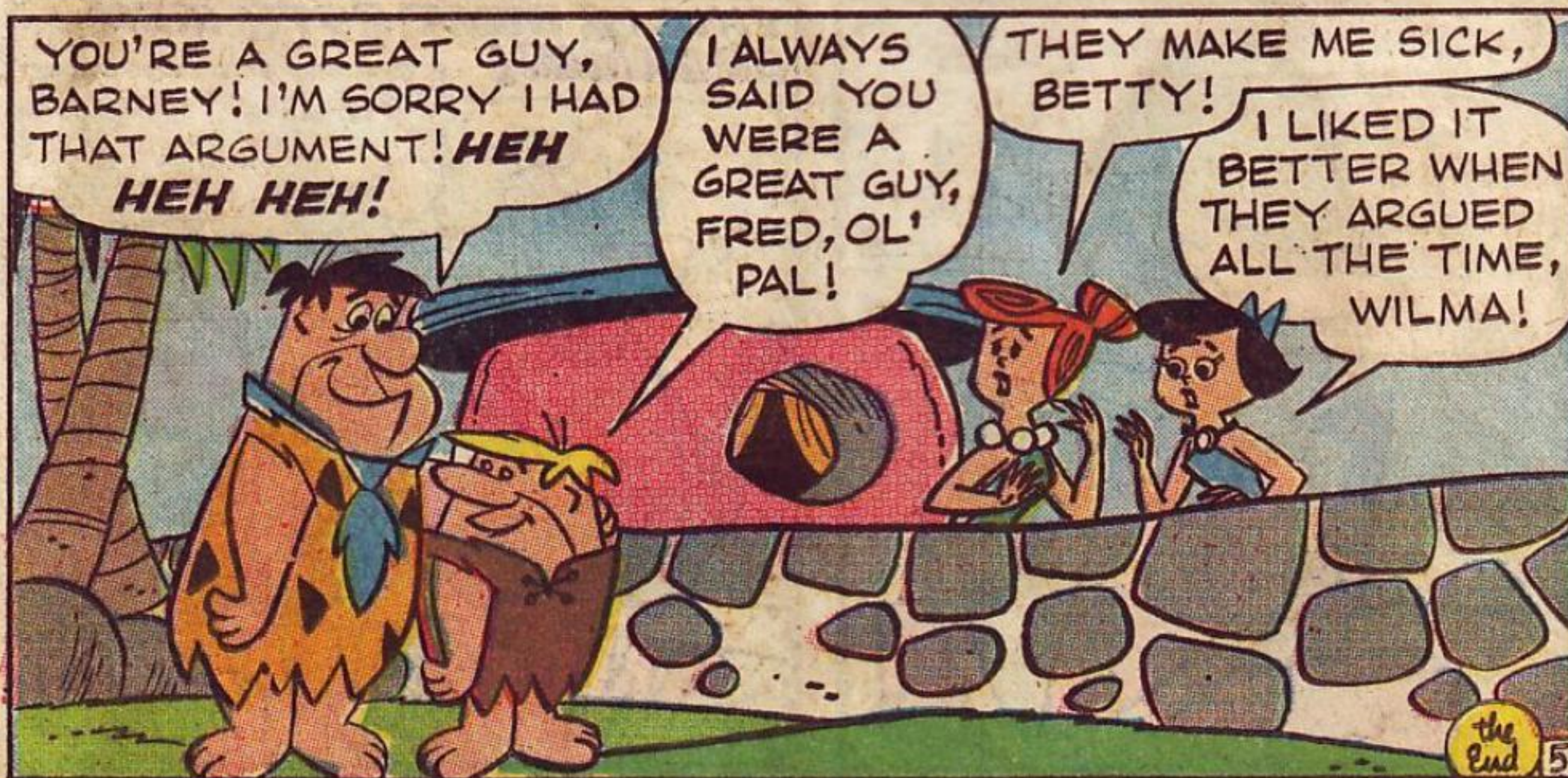
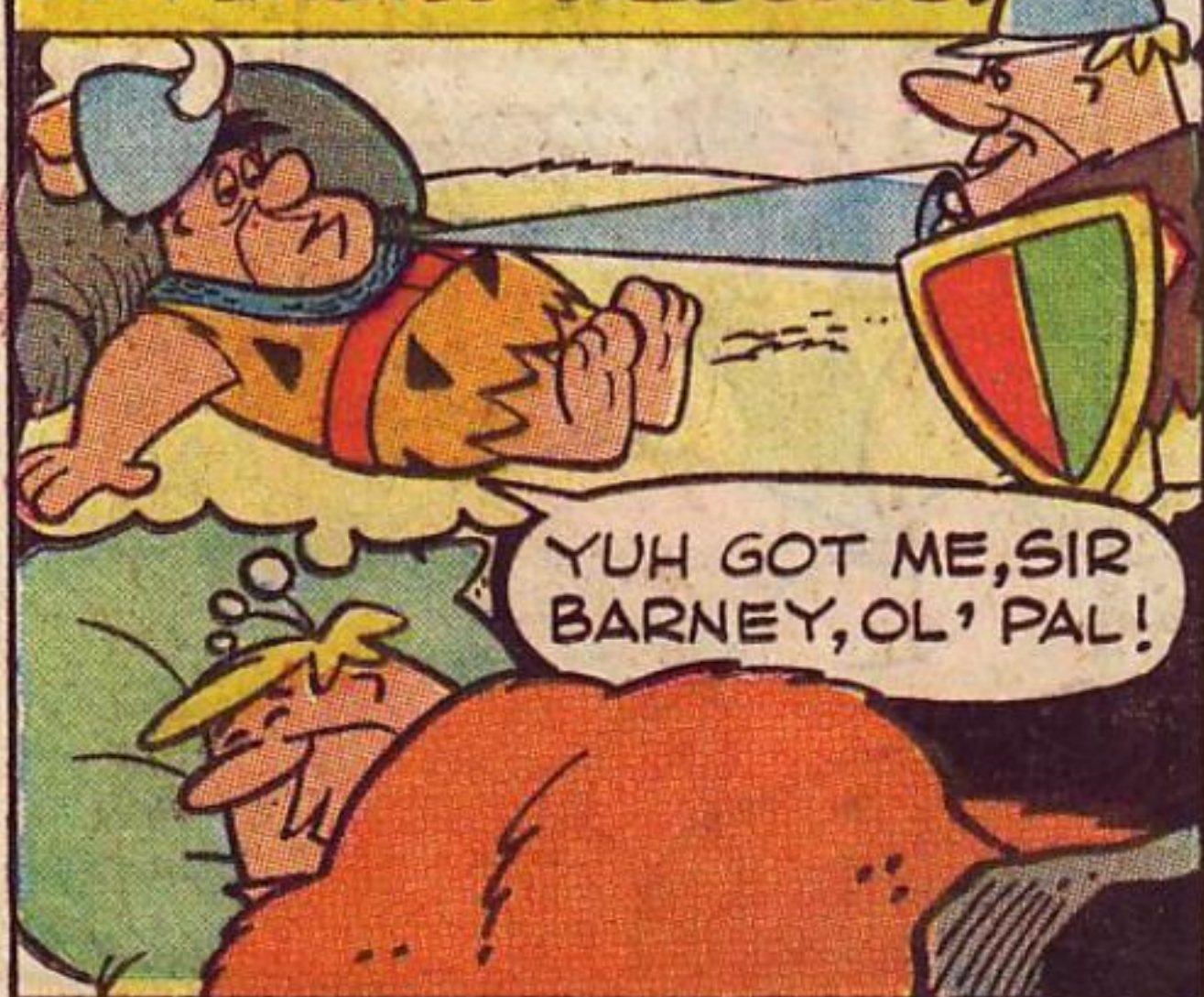
**THIS IS WHAT BOTH MEN  
DREAMED!**



**WHAMMO!!!**



**BUT THEY DREAMED  
DIFFERENT RESULTS.**





# THE FLINTSTONES "REMBRANDT FLINTSTONE"

ARE YOU FINALLY GOING TO PAINT THE HOUSE, FRED?

WILMA, I'M GOING TO PAINT A **MASTERPIECE!**



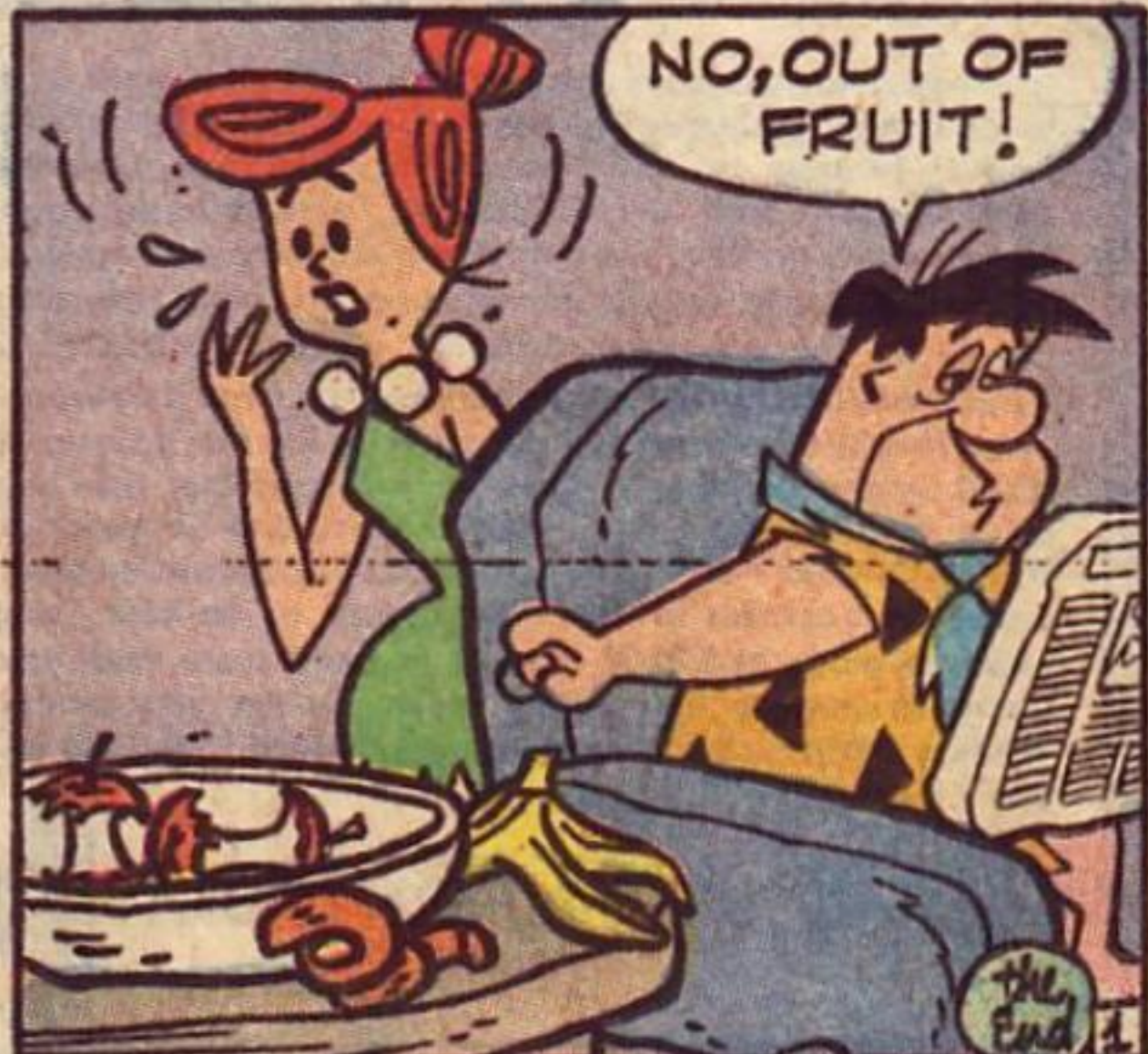
I SHALL IMMORTALIZE THIS BOWL OF FRUIT.



FINISHED SO SOON? RUN OUT OF PAINT?



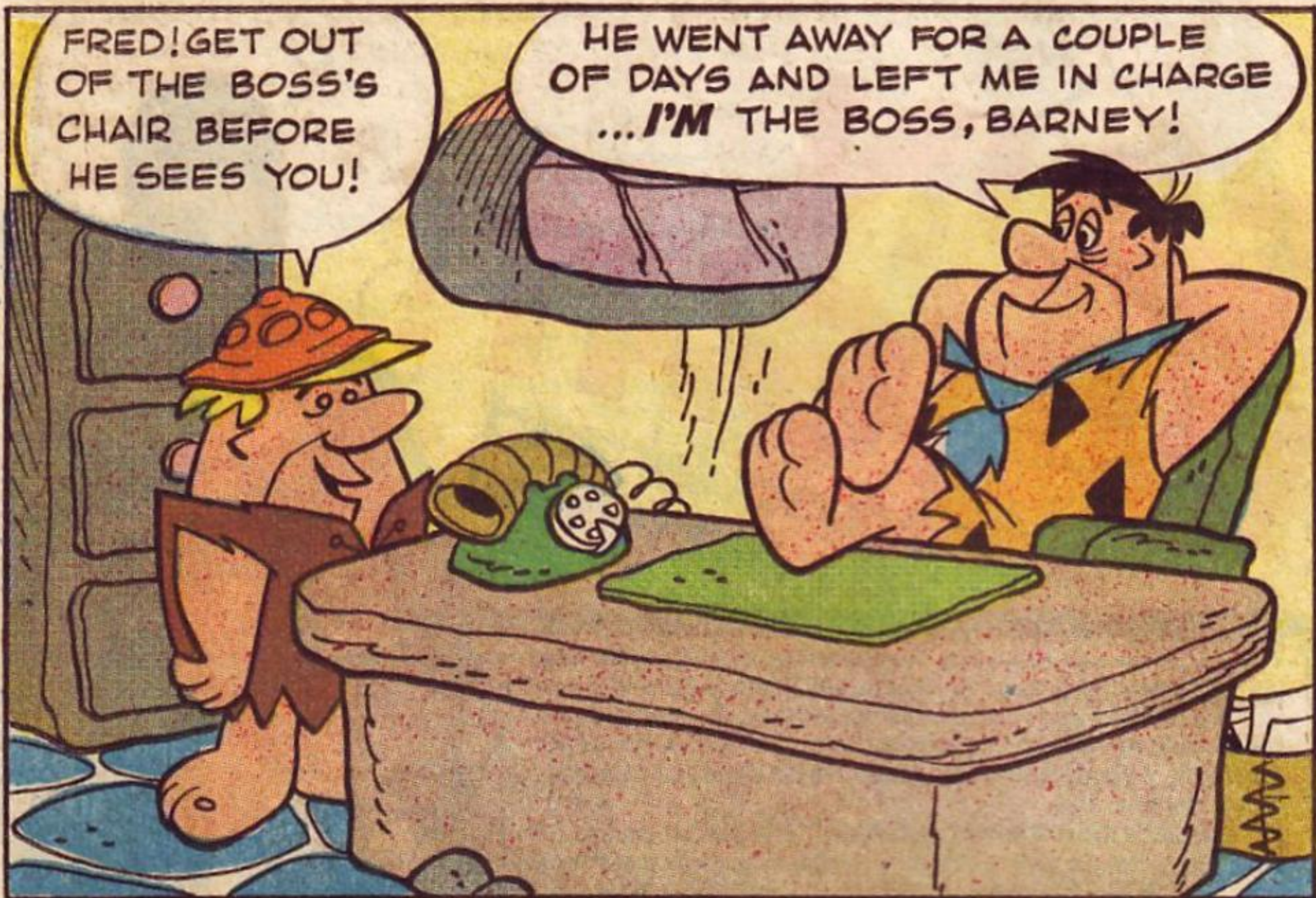
NO, OUT OF FRUIT!





FRED! GET OUT  
OF THE BOSS'S  
CHAIR BEFORE  
HE SEES YOU!

HE WENT AWAY FOR A COUPLE  
OF DAYS AND LEFT ME IN CHARGE  
...*I'M* THE BOSS, BARNEY!



**THE  
FLINTSTONES**

# "ACCIDENT PRONE"

HAVE A CIGAR, BARNEY.

THANKS,  
BOSS...  
I MEAN,  
FRED.

A MAN TO  
SEE YOU, MR.  
FLINTSTONE.



BEAT IT, BARNEY.  
COME IN, SIR.









LATER...

PUSH WHEN I SAY  
"THREE", GUNN.

RIGHT!

ONE-TWO-  
-THREE!

IT'S ROLLING BACK ON US!  
**RUN!**

**CRASH!**

WHAT HAPPENED,  
MR. MC GOON?

HEH, HEH... JUST A  
LITTLE ACCIDENT,  
FLINTSTONE.



...AS SOON AS  
FLINTSTONE  
STEPS ON  
THE STARTER,  
**KA-BOOM!**



HURRY UP,  
GUNN.

ARE YOU  
SURE IT WILL  
WORK?

OF COURSE I'M  
SURE, McGOON!



WHEN FLINTSTONE STEPS ON  
THE STARTER, THIS FUSE GOES  
OFF LIKE THIS... OH NO!...



RUN, STUPID,  
**RUN!**



WHAT HAPPENED?  
ANOTHER ACCIDENT,  
MR. McGOON?

AH...JUST A **LITTLE**  
ONE, MR. FLINTSTONE.

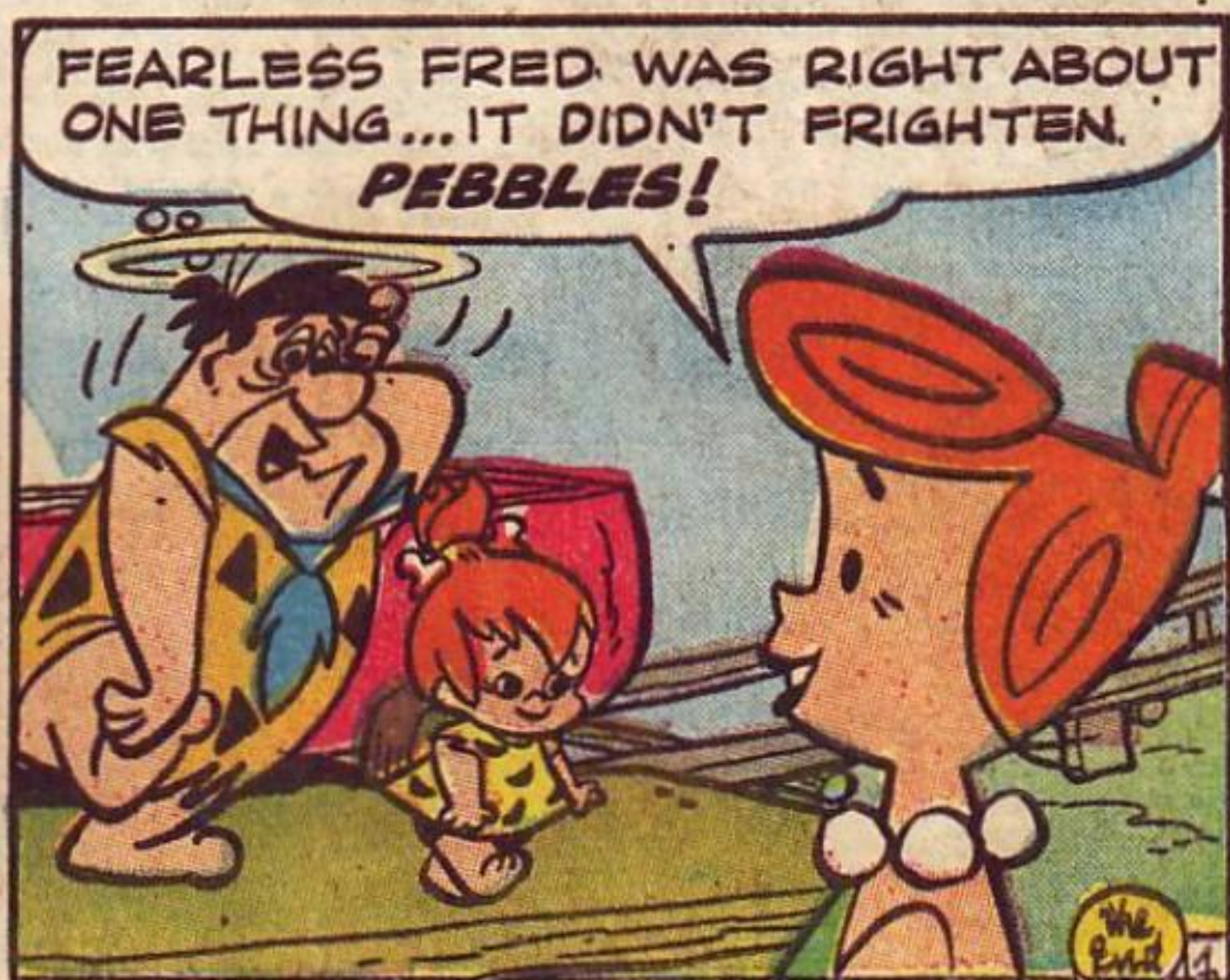








# THE FLINTSTONES "Fearless Fred"

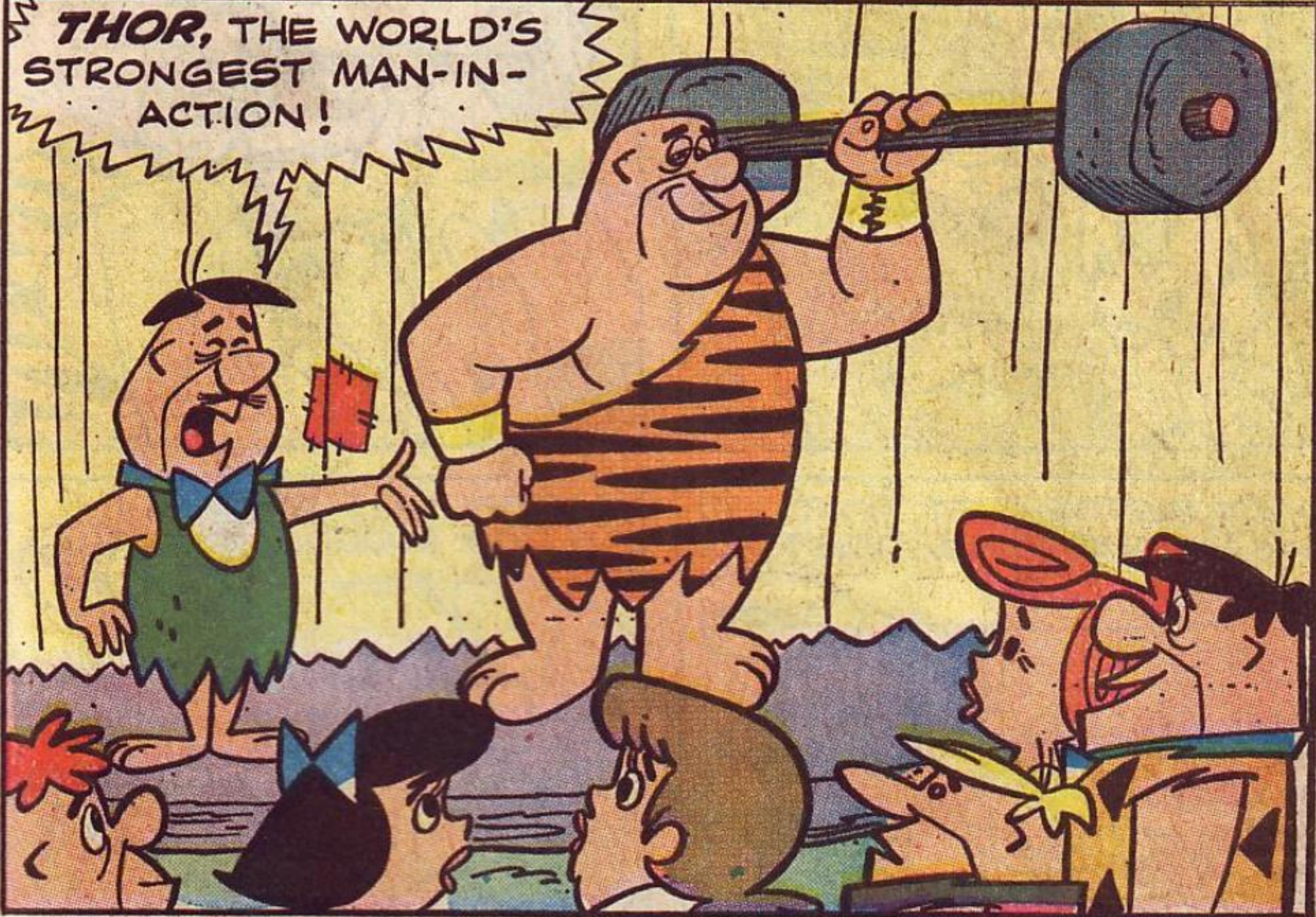




**THE  
FLINTSTONES**

# "FRED, THE STRONG MAN"

**THOR, THE WORLD'S  
STRONGEST MAN-IN-  
ACTION!**



THESE GUYS ARE FAKES. THE  
WEIGHTS ARE HOLLOW AND  
STUFFED WITH FEATHERS.

NO  
KIDDING?



HERE, I'LL  
SHOW YOU!

